The First Cigar

Page 1

Panel 1: The clock is ticking.

Panel 2: So far all I have on my paper is *Paul Merklein 1979.*

Panel 3: I wipe my forhead of sweat.

Panel 4: I raise my hand.

Panel 5: “excuse me, can I use the bathroom”

Page 2

Panel 1 : why is it that sitting on a porcelain seat with your pants down always calms you when you’re trying to think of how you’re going to pass some test you never studied for.

Panel 2: I washed my hand when

Panel 3: the fumes went into my nose.

Panel 4: I turned around and someone in my grade was puffing on a large cigar.

Page 3

Panel 1: “What!” the boy says.

Panel 2: I could go back to my history test and fail,

Panel 3: or I could try a cigar, and fail my test.

Panel 4: “Got another?”

Page 4

Panel 1: the smoke filled my lungs.

Panel 2: All my worries just weren’t something I had to worry about. They weren’t gone, I still cared about them. But they were up in the air.

Panel 3: After a few minutes the cigar got shorter

Panel 4: and shorter.

Page 5

Panel 1: I flushed it down the toilet

Panel 2: and returned to class.

Panel 3: Failed my test.

Panel 4: The next morning I felt sick. An upset stomach.

Panel 5: And my head was spinning.

Page 6

Panel 1: Ten years later, I was in Mexico.

Panel 2: I smoked more often.

Panel 3: Had more headaches.

Panel 4: Ten more years later I had my second born child and barely smoked.

Panel 5: Now I smoke once or twice a year.

Panel 6: I don’t need to quit because I’m not addicted.

Panel 7: Besides what’s a cigar here and there gonna do?